You Belong to Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/34649173.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Parent/Child Incest, Let's all go to hell together, All Aboard, Possessive Behavior, Our Little Will is Growing Up, Dark Will, murder as foreplay, They're both still very horny, all the sex, they love each other a lot, Do not repost
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of That Which is Forbidden
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-22 Words: 10,372 Chapters: 1/1

You Belong to Me

by NeuroWriter14

Summary

Will is two years into university when he begins to notice more and more just how many people seem to lust after his father.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When the day started, Will thought it would be a good one. It started great enough, with Will waking wrapped in his daddy's arms, his back against Hannibal's chest, while Hannibal rocked against him. They didn't part much to push down Will's briefs before Hannibal buried himself inside him, giving him the best wake-up call Will had experienced in days. By the end of the day, however, Will was ready to murder someone.

And he had just the right person in mind.

Will had been in university for two years to this point. Before he started, he and his father had moved, though they weren't far from where they were initially in Baltimore. With each of the schools Will had been accepted to, he took the time to research their programs, seeing which would fit a future he might want for himself. When he first started looking, he wasn't sure what he might want to do with his future, knowing that soon his past would be behind him if he had his way. His future could be anything, given his father's numerous resources, so part of him wondered if it was even worth it to put too much energy into a degree. After a while, though, Will ultimately chose to attend George Washington University, choosing a major in psychology and a minor in linguistics. He had to admit that his choice was inspired chiefly by his father, who had grinned with pride when Will told him his decision. They moved from Baltimore to Wolf Trap, Virginia, barely 20 minutes away from Will's chosen school.

Will still remembered the day Hannibal showed him their new home, one that seemed almost too large for just two people. He had been staring in awe at the house in front of him before his daddy scooped him into his arms, carrying him over the threshold. It didn't take them long to christen the new house and then every room within it.

Even though they had been together for several years, neither Will nor Hannibal was ever any less passionate when it came to each other. Will's hunger for his father ran deep, deep enough that he could barely call it a hunger anymore. It was more like an ache that settled itself deep into Will's bones and refused to leave, only relenting when he had his father in his arms.

Will's first year in university was mainly spent trying to navigate the new life he was in. For years, during high school, Will and Hannibal had needed to hide their relationship. To the world, he knew it was wrong, but it never felt wrong to him. Neither wanted to risk the consequences that could come should the rest of the world learn of their relationship. In Wolf Trap, though, it was different. Both knew fewer people there, and while one of Will's high school classmates also went to the same university, it was rare that Will and Alana ran into each other. It was a test, of sorts, of what it would be like to be somewhere where no one knew them. Somewhere where they could be openly as in love with each other as both were. They still had to be careful, even in Wolf Trap, but it was still better than the two of them hiding away in their home as though they were ashamed.

The openness, however, had come with its own set of consequences, at least on Will's end. Before, in Baltimore, they had needed to pretend that their relationship was only that of a father and son. As such, they very rarely went out and about together unless it was to the opera or certain plays where they were often secluded and left alone. Now, Will would accompany Hannibal on errands, sometimes even things as menial as grocery shopping, just to spend time together. However, being out and about more meant that Will saw just how

often people's eyes lingered on his father. It ignited something within him, something that he had always known was there, but only recently had he given thought to it.

Will had known for years that he belonged only to Hannibal. No one else ever came close in any way to Hannibal. His mind, his beauty, his dark side all called out to Will in the purest of ways, making him crave only his daddy. However, part of him wondered if there would ever be a point at which Hannibal grew bored of him or would wake up one day and realize that their relationship was wrong. Hannibal could have his pick of whoever he wanted, it seemed, with how often lustful eyes lingered on him, but Will wanted his father all to himself.

It was that same sentiment that had taken Will's good day and made it worse.

His father would often surprise him for lunch, bringing along whatever meal he had cooked at home to sit with Will on campus between classes. Hannibal himself had taken up teaching on the days that Will was in class, giving him something to do without the tediousness of trying to attain a medical license for the state of Virginia. Will arranged his classes as best he could, giving him days where he had nothing but classes and days that were open to spend entirely with his daddy. His father only ever taught a few classes. It was enough to keep them from having to dip into Hannibal's savings, though it would take a while to make a dent in it.

He greeted his daddy as discretely as he could, stealing a quick kiss when their bodies were tucked in such a way to hide their faces. Will had been overjoyed, as he often was, to see his father, making his good day seem better than it had before.

That was until someone had approached them, a professor in the psychology department.

"Hannibal?"

Will's eyes shot up at the voice, seeing the professor near them. She wasn't a professor Will had, though he knew Alana was currently taking a class from here. Alana gushed often and loudly about the professor to the point that Will wondered if there was more than just professional admiration behind her voice. The professor moved closer, her eyes lighting up as Hannibal straightened in his seat, shifting from loving partner to parent.

"I'm sorry," The professor said as she stepped up to their table. "I'm sure you don't remember me, but I was in the psychiatry program at John's Hopkins the same year as you."

"Hello Margaret," Hannibal greeted, his face twisting into a vague veneer of politeness, though Will could see the irritation under it.

"You remember," She said with a grin before sitting down at the table with them, uninvited. "I heard you were here, but I had yet to see you." The professor grinned at Hannibal, batting long, dark eyelashes and ignoring Will completely where he sat at his father's side.

"Yes," Hannibal answered before reaching toward Will. "I came here for my son." His hand stroked down Will's back, soothing the tension that had grown in Will's body from the moment the woman arrived. "He's attending here for his undergraduate degree in psychology."

"Like father like son," The professor hummed, turning to look at Will with less intensity than she had been gazing at Hannibal. Will couldn't help but think she was more right than she knew as he nodded his head at her politely, feigning shyness in place of annoyance. "Is he the reason you switched from emergency surgery to psychiatry? We always wondered." The professor turned away from Will again, once more making it evident that she didn't care whether he was there or not.

Will's hand tightened into a fist at his side before he gripped the bench, holding it tighter than he could his own hand.

"Easy," Hannibal soothed, switching languages just long enough to say the word before addressing the professor once again. "Yes. Better hours to accommodate a growing child."

Across from them, the professor seemed to swoon, her eyes growing wide as she looked at Hannibal, resting her head on her chin. "How responsible of you." She pulled back after a moment, her face falling just barely. Will knew she realized something, something that made her pull back from her obviously flirty behavior. "What does your wife do?"

"Will's mother died a few years after he was born," Hannibal answered, though his answer did not at all reveal the fact that her death had been at his hands. At the time, a younger Will, still a child, had wondered why his father had left him with a babysitter for hours, coming home late at night, long after Will had gone to bed. He would later learn that his father had gone to track her down, killing her for her rudeness at abandoning Will as an infant. Will, however, couldn't bring himself to care that he had never known his mother. As his and his daddy's relationship developed, he couldn't help but think that any mother would have just been in the way.

"I'm sorry to hear that," The professor answered, her eyes finally flicking to Will again. "It must have been difficult to be a single father."

"I wasn't entirely alone," Hannibal answered, catching Will's attention.

Will wondered how his father would address their relationship if he would deny that he had a partner at all or if he would say something about it. He was curious to know Hannibal's answer.

"What lucky woman," The professor answered, and Will could hear the disappointment in her voice.

"*He* certainly is one of the most important things in my life. I would argue that I am the lucky one."

Will's irritation waned briefly, hearing his father speak about him in such a way. He wished Hannibal's past acquaintance wasn't there, so he could have reached over and kissed his daddy properly.

It was at that moment, though, that the rest of his life decided to come crashing in, testing the rest of Will's frazzled patience.

"Will!" Alana called, walking closer, books piled in her hands. "Class!"

"Right," Will huffed, taking another bite of the abandoned lunch in front of him.

It took all of his willpower to keep himself from reaching out to his father as he gathered his belongings, keeping his head down to avoid looking too longingly at the spot he wished he could stay in.

"See you later," Will muttered before nodding again to the professor.

"Have a good class, *Will*."

Will nearly gave in to his desire to shudder, knowing that Hannibal had said his name in such a way to indicate another meaning under it. Whatever it was — my love, my darling — was an endearment Will had heard a million times before, and every time, he longed to hear it once more.

He forced himself away, shoving down his annoyance at the professor and Alana for taking him away from his father.

Will joined his friend as the two of them walked toward their next class. For a while, Alana was silent until they settled themselves into the lecture hall, dragging notebooks out of their respective bags.

"What was your dad doing here?" Alana asked. He knew she was attempting vague curiosity, as though she was trying to start a conversation with him, but Will could hear the meaning under her words. Ever since they were in high school, Alana had harbored a crush on Will's father. He had known about it for years, and always he shoved down his annoyance at it. Today, however, between the professor who was so obviously drooling over Hannibal and Alana, who blushed at the very mention of Will's father, he could only barely hold back his irritation.

"He brought me lunch."

"That's nice," Alana answered, turning her head quickly to hide her blush.

Will gripped his pen, imaging for a moment what it would be like to whip his arm to the side, shoving the pen into Alana's jugular and bathing in the blood that flowed from her, a physical way to ensure that Hannibal would never belong to her.

By the time class was over, Will wished he had done it.

Hannibal sensed Will's irritation the moment Margaret approached them, and he had to admit his own soared when she dared to sit at the table with them, uninvited. It wouldn't do, though, to snap at her for her rudeness, even if she was unintentionally interrupting the meal Hannibal had brought for Will and Will alone. He fought it down, mainly because his boy, his beautiful, wonderful boy, was seething enough for both of them, even if Margaret didn't

notice it. It had taken everything Hannibal had not to pull his son into his arms and lavish him right in front of her.

In the years since Will had started university, Hannibal had noticed a change within him. He was more exposed to the world now as an adult. As a result, he was harder, crueler, darker with everyone save for Hannibal. He sometimes wondered what it would take to bring that darkness out more for Will to embrace it fully. He thought about coaxing it out, but ultimately he decided to wait, to let Will come to it on his own. With Hannibal, however, he was still the same loving, beautiful, wicked creature he had always been, coaxing Hannibal back into his arms like a siren beckoning a sailor. Much like the sailors, Hannibal could never resist his son's call. Watching Will walk away next to his classmate was one of the worst experiences of Hannibal's life, especially when he noticed the girl turn toward Will and grin.

He only half-heartedly participated in the conversation with Margaret before he excused himself, returning home to await Will's arrival.

The house felt empty without his son in it, leaving Hannibal to wander almost aimlessly for several hours before he began dinner. It wasn't often that he felt as bereft as he did without Will, but the loneliest moments always occurred when Will wasn't at his side.

He was just starting to plate their meals when the front door opened and shut again, the sound echoing through the house. A loud thump quickly followed it before determined footsteps echoed through the house. Somewhere along the way, Hannibal heard Will kick off his shoes as he set the plates aside, depositing the dishes in the sink. Hannibal barely managed to put the plates on the table before Will appeared, shoving him away from the table and against the wall.

Will was on him immediately, their lips colliding. Hannibal only barely had time to wrap his arms around his son before Will was moving them. Will pushed him into a chair, claiming his lap quickly and his mouth shortly after. Will's hand fisted in his hair, pulling his head back for his boy to claim his mouth. Hannibal noticed, somewhat amused, how relentless Will was at claiming him, taking over his whole body.

"Will," He tried between kisses, though his boy claimed his mouth once again, stealing the words and his breath in the process.

His beautiful siren ground against him, never moving too far away. They touched everywhere they possibly could, chests and abdomens brushing where Will settled on his lap, lips practically glued together, and hands roaming.

"Will," He said again, fisting a hand in Will's curls to pull him away carefully. Will whimpered, fighting forward to kiss him again. "Will, my darling, my love," He began, hoping that maybe he could learn why his son was so determined to bury himself against him now.

"Yes," Will breathed, sounding more relieved than anything.

"Yes?" Hannibal asked, reaching up with his other hand to stroke Will's cheek.

"Yours," Will clarified. "I'm yours." He surged forward again, claiming Hannibal's lips once more, pushing against him as though he was trying to bury himself within him. Hannibal understood then what had Will so bothered.

He wrapped his arms around his boy, holding him tightly as Will hummed in satisfaction.

"You are mine," Hannibal whispered against Will's lips when he had the chance.

"Daddy," Will whined, shifting closer.

"And I'm yours." Hannibal continued.

At that, Will froze, no longer pressing forward insistently.

"That is what's bothering you, isn't it, my darling?" Hannibal leaned back to look at his face while he soothed over his body. "Seeing Margaret today worried you."

"She wants you," Will answered, a pout and petulance in his voice.

"And you have me," Hannibal said.

"I know," Will said, though he didn't sound as certain as Hannibal felt.

"What is it, beloved?"

"What if you stop wanting me?"

"Oh, Will." Hannibal reached up to cup his boy's face, holding him gently. Truthfully, he wondered the same thing from time to time. If Will would ever want someone more appropriate, if he would wake up one morning and realize there were things he could never have with his father as his lover. When it came to Will, though, Hannibal had never loved anyone as much. Will was everything to him, the one thing he cherished above his own life. He had fallen in love the moment he had held Will as an infant in his arms, and that love had only grown each day he was in Hannibal's life. It had changed, of course, shifting from paternal to something else, but even that paternal love was still there, making it so that he could never love someone else the same way. And what's more, he never wanted to. "No one could ever compare to you. You are the love of my life."

Will's eyes snapped to his, the ocean color swimming with unshed tears. Will only ever cried with him. Even the few babysitters that Hannibal had reluctantly entrusted his son to had noted that even when Will injured himself, he would never cry with them. Yet with Hannibal, he never held back, letting his emotions come as he felt them, whatever those emotions may be.

Hannibal reached for one of Will's hands, pulling it from where it was clutching his back until it rested above his heart. "It's yours. Along with everything else for as long as you want it."

"I told you before, Daddy," Will said as his fingers curled against Hannibal's chest. "I want you forever."

"Then I belong to you forever."

Will nodded, and Hannibal could see his overwhelm in the bob of his throat. Rather than say anything, Will lunged forward again, capturing Hannibal's lips. Hannibal kissed him back, tasting his lovely boy's desperation on his tongue.

After a moment, Hannibal pulled back again, petting over Will's body as he did.

"Dinner, my darling. We mustn't let it go to waste."

Will huffed before he turned, looking at the meal on the table behind them.

Then he stood, turning himself toward the table and allowing Hannibal to move the chair closer before settling back in Hannibal's lap again. Will pulled both meals closer, reaching for one of the forks before impaling a piece of meat on the end. Hannibal watched, mesmerized by Will's movements, as his boy turned back toward him, offering him the fork.

"Open," Will murmured, not quite ordering but not giving Hannibal room to protest either.

He obeyed, keeping eye contact with Will the whole time, even as he slowly withdrew the fork from Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal mirrored him, taking the other fork to offer Will a bite. He watched with increasing interest as his son opened his mouth wider than probably necessary before taking the bite, lifting his chin as he swallowed.

They continued like that, slowly feeding each other until their meals were gone. Then Will peeled himself away from Hannibal, seemingly reluctantly, going to the kitchen to do the dishes. Hannibal couldn't keep himself away, following Will into the kitchen. He took the dishes after Will cleaned them, drying them and putting them away until the last dish was done. Once Will dried his hands, Hannibal reached for him, pulling his boy into his arms. Will's arms looped around his shoulders as Hannibal carried him bridal style to their bedroom, their eyes locked the whole time.

Hannibal laid Will on the bed, their eyes never leaving one another as they slowly peeled away layer after layer.

"Can I tell you something?" Will asked, his fingers stroking through the hair on Hannibal's chest as he did.

"Anything," Hannibal answered.

"When that professor sat down with us, when I saw the way she looked at you, I wanted to kill her."

Hannibal stilled, his hand, which had been petting down Will's body, now rested on his abdomen. He turned his attention to Will's face, searching his eyes for signs that the words were only being said because Will knew Hannibal's dark side. Will knew everything about him at this point, including what he did with parts he took from his victims. Never once had Will protested or seemed disgusted, and eventually, Hannibal let him prepare those meals with him.

In Will's eyes, however, he only saw honesty and, under that, bloodlust. Hannibal lunged forward, once again unable to resist the siren call of his son, claiming his lips. Will bucked up against him, begging him silently for more contact. Hannibal moved over his boy, settling against him.

"How would you do it?"

Will sighed against him, his hands roaming over Hannibal's back. "With my hands."

Hannibal captured his lips then, holding his son close to him. Will whimpered against him, clinging to him.

"Daddy," He whined, making Hannibal shiver.

"Yes, my darling?"

"Need you."

Hannibal dipped his head once again, pressing their lips together. He could never resist when Will said he needed him, it was one of the few things that Hannibal was helpless against. He ground against Will's body, knowing only one thing for certain: he was going to make love to his son this night.

For the first time in hours, Will felt calm as he lay under his daddy. Hannibal's familiar weight over him was grounding in a way, as though he was pushing Will's soul back into his body. Will wrapped himself around his father, holding him closely. Hannibal kissed and petted over him, letting his lips and hands trail over Will's body as much as he could, with Will clinging to him. What his lips couldn't reach, his hands did, and Will shivered under every careful, tender touch.

His daddy eventually pulled away more, determined to taste more of him, and Will let him. His lips and tongue forged a trail down Will's neck, nipping at his clavicle, before continuing lower. Will pet through his hair, feeling the soft strands fall through his fingers as Hannibal licked over one of his nipples. Then he lowered his head, latching his lips onto one of Will's nipples and sucking. Will's body bucked upward, his mouth falling open at the feeling. His daddy sucked at one nipple for a while until it felt nearly painful before he switched sides, latching onto the other one.

He sat up slightly, pressing a kiss to his father's forehead as best he could before falling back against the bed, moaning.

After a while, his father let his nipple go before licking up his chest, stopping to purposefully kiss and suck lightly at the skin over his heart. Will whimpered, wanting nothing more than for his daddy to bury himself right then in Will's body. He wanted nothing more at that moment for them to be one, for his father to be inside him, to show him once more the same thing he had told him earlier.

He thought back to their conversation before dinner, remembering the way his heart fluttered in his chest when his daddy said Will was the love of his life. In truth, Hannibal was the love of his life too. Will knew that some would argue there was no way for him to know; he was only 20, after all, the same age Hannibal was when he was born. But Hannibal had loved him since he was 20, and Will had known well before this that his love for his father ran deep. He didn't think one could love someone as deeply, and as long as he had loved his father without that love meaning something more.

Hannibal continued down his body, licking and biting as he reclaimed Will's body for himself. Will sighed as his daddy's tongue swept over his abdomen, searing the feeling into his soul.

Will continued to pet through his father's hair the whole time, his fingers stroking Hannibal's scalp, massaging. Hannibal didn't seem to mind, even turning his head slightly so Will could push away the hair that had fallen into his eyes.

Despite how irritated and frustrated Will had felt earlier, there was nothing rushed or frantic about their lovemaking now. There were times when Will's desperation for his father became desperation in their need to have each other. Yet Hannibal had calmed that part of him, following Will's attack on him earlier. He knew his daddy would take care of him; he always did.

His daddy continued downward, eventually licking a stripe up Will's cock. Will arched, moaning louder and tugging lightly on the soft strands of his father's hair. Hannibal swallowed him in one go, his nose pressing against Will's pelvis while Will's cock pressed into his throat. Will rocked upward slightly, burying himself more into the velvet heat of his father's mouth.

"Daddy," Will breathed, tugging at Hannibal's hair again.

Hannibal hummed around him, making Will shiver. He bobbed his head slowly, his lips and tongue moving over the length of Will's cock as Will rocked gently into his mouth. His father never protested, and to some extent, he encouraged the movements when Will had done them in the past, so nothing stopped Will now. Hannibal focused on the head of his cock, his hand pumping at the base. Pleasure built in Will's body, coiling in his stomach like a snake waiting to strike.

He tugged at his father's hair more, feeling Hannibal moan again at the feeling.

His daddy shifted slightly, and Will caught sight of his cock hanging heavily between his legs. Will's mouth watered at the sight, and eventually, he was able to tug his father off his cock. Hannibal crawled back up the length of his body, kissing him deeply, their tongues tangling. Will could taste himself on his father's tongue, a taste mixed with Hannibal's natural flavor that Will had grown addicted to after all these years.

"I want-" Will breathed, reaching between them for Hannibal's cock.

"Come here," Hannibal answered, rolling onto his back.

He rearranged Will until they settled together. Will found himself straddling his daddy's face backward, his own face at Hannibal's groin. He wasted no time licking a stripe over Hannibal's cock while his daddy took him back into his mouth, resuming his earlier activities. Will held himself up as best he could, lowering his mouth to take Hannibal's cock into it. Hannibal moaned, his fingers digging into the meat of Will's ass. Will started slowly, taking long deep sucks, hollowing his cheeks, and burying Hannibal's cock inch by inch down his throat. His daddy thrust upward lightly, pushing himself more into Will's mouth and making Will hum around him.

He liked when his daddy was rougher with him; he always had. He never caused Will pain, though, always careful. That didn't mean Will didn't manage to push him to the point that he was sore the next day. There were some mornings, following their rougher nights together, that he knew Hannibal could see the awkwardness of his steps, and he always found ways to apologize. But Will never wanted his apologies. He wanted rough. He wanted to feel his daddy even if he wasn't inside him anymore. He wanted to know it was real, that after all this time, they would still come back to each other.

His legs started to shake as Hannibal worked on his cock more. Will never once stopped sucking and hollowing his cheeks, taking Hannibal's cock as far into him as he could.

Hannibal did the same, taking Will's cock as deep as he could until Will was buried in his daddy's throat.

Pleasure made Will's body shudder, his hips spasming from time to time as Hannibal's expert tongue worked him over. He knew Hannibal was affected too, the taste of pre-come lingering on Will's eager tongue.

Will's orgasm crept up on him, though he could feel it in the way his body tensed more and more. Hannibal never once pulled away, sucking at his cock like a starved man, each suck and lick more desperate than the last.

"Daddy," Will moaned, the only warning he was able to give his father before he came.

His daddy swallowed every drop of his release, cleaning what little he managed to miss of Will's cock before he collapsed, unable to hold himself up anymore. Hannibal, however, didn't complain, shifting himself, so his arms were draped over the backs of Will's thighs. Will came back to himself as his daddy's hands stroked his ass before spreading his cheeks. Will moaned as he felt his daddy's tongue prod at his hole.

He hummed, returning to his previous task, sucking at his father's cock once again.

Hannibal's tongue worked him open, forcing him first to relax and then into oversensitivity when his tongue plunged inside him. Hannibal's cock fell from his mouth as he licked into Will's body. Will shook, first at the feeling over his father's tongue licking into his body and then from his fingers which soon followed. Will panted against Hannibal's thigh, unable to make himself do much more than shake in his father's grasp.

"Daddy," Will whined. "Daddy, please."

Hannibal shifted, slowly rolling Will off his body. Will whimpered at the loss, but Hannibal didn't leave him for long, rolling Will onto his belly before licking into him once again. Will couldn't help but bite the pillow under him. His body arched as his daddy ate him out, taking moments to suck at Will's rim, making him gasp. Before he knew it, Will was hard again, his aching cock trapped between him and the bed under them.

Hannibal eventually withdrew, leaving Will's whole body shuddering in his wake. He didn't go far, though, only finding the lube he had stashed under the pillow from that morning to wet his fingers, pressing them into Will's body. Will threw his head back, his body arching. Behind him, his father hummed. Will reached for him, twisting his body as best he could with Hannibal's finger buried in him in an attempt to drag him closer.

His father, unable to deny him, didn't do so now, letting Will drag him closer until his body was practically draped over Will's. Will moaned, pressing back against his daddy and the fingers still within him, trying to tempt his daddy closer. Hannibal's arm wrapped under him, making Will's chin hook on the curve of his arm.

"Daddy, please. Need you in me."

"Oh, Will," Hannibal breathed from behind him, settling his weight over Will for a moment before they were moving.

Will rolled onto his back as Hannibal poured more lube onto his cock, spreading it with his free hand. Will's eyes followed the moments, and he couldn't help but huff slightly when his daddy stopped.

"Will you do that again?" Will asked, batting his eyelashes at Hannibal in the process.

Hannibal's lips fell open slightly, his tongue flitting over them. At Will's request, he repeated the action, pumping his cock for Will to see. Will couldn't help but lick his own lips, his hand traveling down his own aching hardness. Hannibal's eyes followed the movement, darkening as he watched Will mirror him.

He stopped after a moment, pulling Will's hand away from his cock as his father settled between his legs. Will rearranged himself, adjusting his hips and pulling his legs back while Hannibal leaned forward. His cock brushed over Will's hole, the tip rubbing against him gently before he pushed forward, burying himself in Will with one thrust.

Will couldn't help but cry out at the feeling, reaching for his daddy to tug him down.

Their lips met as Hannibal rocked lightly, withdrawing from Will slowly before pressing into him again.

When he pulled back, Will forced his eyes open, looking at Hannibal above him. Hannibal's eyes roamed over his body, his gaze tracing every curve he could find as it traveled upward until their eyes met. Will moaned.

Hannibal smiled down at him softly, lowering his body once again over Will's until they were flush against each other. Will drew his legs up, looping them around Hannibal's body as they

rocked together.

"I love you, Daddy," Will whispered against Hannibal's lips.

"I love you, Will," His daddy answered, closing the rest of the distance between them so their lips could meet again.

Will pressed closer, shuddering with every thrust of Hannibal's body. The best parts of his days were always when he and his daddy were together, whether it was merely running errands or when they were like this. He had to admit that he immensely enjoyed making love to his daddy, relishing the feeling of their closeness and the connection between them that was given physicality every time they touched.

It was at that moment, though, that his mind decided to remind him of the others who would have preferred to take Will's place. His grip on Hannibal tightened as he turned his head, breaking their kiss and burying his face in Hannibal's neck.

His father stretched, turning his head to bare his neck more to Will, who took full advantage of the exposed skin. He pressed a kiss to the newly exposed skin before biting, his teeth sinking into Hannibal's neck. Hannibal moaned, thrusting harder than he probably meant to into Will's body. Will clung to him; his lips latched onto his father's neck as he sucked with fervor. Hannibal's hand gripped the back of his head, fingers twisting in his curls to hold him in place. Will stayed there for a while, sucking what he knew would be a bruise into exposed flesh. A dark part of him hummed in satisfaction, knowing that anyone who saw his father would see the mark that wouldn't be hidden by clothing.

The whole world would know his daddy belonged to someone, and while they wouldn't know who, Will would know that the mark put there was from him. That Hannibal belonged to him and him alone.

Mine. He couldn't help but think as his nails dug into his daddy's back, encouraging the increasingly intense thrusts.

When Will finally relented, Hannibal moaned loudly, forcing an equally loud moan from Will.

"Satisfied with your claim, my love?" His daddy asked.

"Never," Will huffed before rocking his hips up into Hannibal.

He could feel Hannibal's smile before he pressed a kiss to Will's cheek. "Do I get to lay claim to you as well?"

Will's head turned to the side immediately, suddenly wanting more than anything to bear a mark left by his daddy. Hannibal's lips claimed his neck like Will's had his, biting lightly before he sucked a similar bruise into Will's skin.

In the meantime, Will reached for the discarded lube, pouring some onto his fingers. He could feel Hannibal's curious moan as he continued to suck at Will's neck. Will warmed the

lube between his fingers for a moment before stretching, carefully looping his arm as best he could around his daddy. Hannibal's thrusts never once slowed as Will's dry fingers brushed against the swell of his ass. Will dipped his fingers between Hannibal's cheeks as his hips moved back for the next thrust. He smiled to himself as Hannibal moaned, adjusting his hand. On the next withdraw, Will pushed forward, fingering at his father's hole before pushing inside him.

Hannibal moaned loudly, letting go of Will's neck in favor of pressing a heated kiss against his lips.

"Oh god, Will," His daddy moaned as Will languidly thrust his fingers in and out of his father, slower than his father was currently thrusting his cock into him. "Such a good boy."

Will preened, silently pleased with his idea to find a way to enter his daddy while his daddy was in him.

Will couldn't stop the loud moans that escaped his chest as Hannibal shifted the angle of his hips, finding Will's prostate. Will's whole body curled, his fingers searching within his daddy as best he could to return to favor as he neared the precipice of a second orgasm.

"Daddy," Will whined again before spilling between them, his release coating their abdomens as he orgasmed on his father's cock.

Hannibal's body clenched around his fingers, shuddering as Will's body clenched around his cock.

"Come in me, Daddy."

His father moaned again, lower and rougher than his previous moans before he thrust twice more into Will's body, spilling within him.

They collapsed against the bed; Hannibal pressed over him as Will refused to let him go.

Hannibal pet over his body, soothing the tension within him as he held his daddy close.

"Daddy," Will began, not exactly knowing what he would say but starting nonetheless. Hannibal shifted, their eyes meeting. Will couldn't help but suck in a breath as their gazes met, seeing the beautiful man over him as though he was seeing him for the first time. And he was beautiful. Will reached up to gently stroke over Hannibal's cheekbone, admiring the man and monster who had decided he would be Will's. "I love you."

Hannibal grinned, making Will's heart backflip in his chest. "I love you too, my darling. Forever."

"Forever," Will echoed.

Hannibal knew something was coming in the weeks following Will's worries over who Hannibal belonged to. He could sense the gears turning in Will's head, and he could see the darkness that churned under his skin. Will was already a beautiful predator, laying claim to

Hannibal over and over again in ways he likely didn't even know he did. Hannibal's monster sang every time Will's darkness surged, claiming him again and again. And every time, he came back for more, wanting nothing more than to fall at Will's feet and worship him. Hannibal certainly had his own form of worship when it came to Will, taking his time to take Will apart and draw his pleasure out again and again.

But Will's darkness, much like Hannibal's, couldn't be confined merely to the bedroom. It couldn't be tamed by possessive marks on his skin, even if Hannibal displayed the mark proudly most of the time, with the one exception being when he taught. Will's ocean-colored eyes would darken whenever he saw the mark until it faded. Hannibal was all too eager to let himself be marked again, knowing it satisfied not only Will's monster but his own as well.

Hannibal wasn't surprised when Will messaged him one day, asking him to wait to return home for a little while because he had a surprise. So, he waited patiently, spending hours searching for canvases that he could use to create his subsequent work of art that would likely feature Will at the center of it. Hannibal's artistic outlet mainly was limited to drawing and his tableaus, though the latter had been toned down quite a bit after he and Will began their relationship. It wouldn't do to have unwelcome eyes turning his way when he spent most nights buried in his son's body.

Instead, he began to expand his tamer artistry, composing more on his harpsichord and turning some of his drawings into paintings. Most of the paintings were offered to Will, who hung them around their bedroom.

It was several hours before Will messaged him again, asking him to come home. Hannibal went immediately, ignoring the newest thing he was looking at in favor of taking the few things he had bought for himself and Will to his car and returning home as quickly as possible.

When he first entered the house, it was dead quiet. Hannibal searched the entryway, listening for any sounds elsewhere in the house that would indicate Will's presence. When he heard nothing, he set down what he was carrying and slipped off his shoes, padding through their home in his socks.

He searched each room, one by one, by every room he looked into was strangely absent of Will's intoxicating presence. That was until Hannibal decided that he should check the basement.

It had taken him a while to dismantle the basement in their house in Baltimore, making sure that there were no traces left of what it had been previously used for. Will had helped him put together the basement in their new house, though it wasn't as elaborate as the one in Baltimore had been. Hannibal knew that soon, he would be taking apart this basement as well, and unlike the one before, he wouldn't be spending 19 years in that house to warrant such an elaborate basement.

As he opened the door to the basement, Hannibal caught the first hint that Will was still in the house. The light in the basement was on, and as Hannibal opened the door and stepped through it, he could hear a muffled whimper. He shut the door behind him softly, waiting at

the top of the steps to keep Will from knowing he was there yet. He wanted to see what his boy had done without turning his attention to Hannibal just yet.

As he stepped down the stairs, the first thing that caught his attention was the scent of blood. Then, as he continued, he caught the smell of something else, though this was incredibly familiar. Hannibal knew every scent that Will had; he knew when he was aroused, sick, in pain, or even when he had exerted himself. This was familiar to how Will always smelled in the throes of passion when sweat clung to his body with whatever activity they found themselves in that night.

Hannibal carefully descended the stairs, stepping fully into the basement.

The sight in front of him was breathtaking.

Will was standing with his back to him, his hands covered in blood where they hung at his sides. Hannibal could see a thin sheen of sweat over his neck as he watched the figure in front of him. The other occupant turned out to be Margaret, who had blood streaming down her cheeks. As Hannibal stepped closer, he could see the damage done to her eyes, and he wondered if it was from a knife or if Will had dug his fingers into her eyes himself. More blood dripped from her lips, and Hannibal realized that the whimpers of pain he had been hearing weren't quiet because they were muffled by a gag but rather because Margaret's tongue had been removed. It was currently sitting on the floor next to her.

There were other injuries to her body, some of which were on her hands. Hannibal surmised that each wound was inflicted for a purpose. Her eyes had looked lustfully on Hannibal, so Will made certain she couldn't see anymore. It was her tongue that cooed endearments at him, huffing about his taken status, so Will made sure she could never speak about or to Hannibal again. It was her hands which longed to touch, so Will sliced them open, making certain the only thing she would feel was pain.

Hannibal reached forward as he neared Will, placing a hand on his shoulder first to alert Will that he was there before pressing himself against his son's back. His arms looped around Will's waist, feeling the blood that coated his shirt stick to Hannibal's arms.

"Daddy," Will breathed, leaning against Hannibal. He didn't look at him, though, his eyes still fixed on the sight in front of him. Hannibal had to admit the view was tantalizing too, but Will was ethereal in comparison. "I didn't know what you would want. I decided to wait until you got home."

"Oh, my darling," Hannibal purred, pressing a kiss to Will's temple. "I would have been satisfied with whatever you offered me."

"I didn't take her ears," Will continued after a moment, reaching up to press against Hannibal's arm with a blood-soaked hand. "I wanted her to know when you were here. To know that she couldn't have you. That you're mine."

In front of them, Margaret seemed to fight off the pain enough to form a disgusted look on her face, one that had Hannibal's monster begging to rip into her. Will, however, seemed to be one step ahead of him as he lunged suddenly, grabbing the discarded knife from the floor and

shoving it with force into her neck. He didn't withdraw it, though, leaving it in to staunch the flow of blood that would result from the knife's withdraw.

"As he could ever be yours," Will hissed before he struck again, his hands wrapping around Margaret's throat and twisting, snapping her neck quickly.

Hannibal sucked in a breath at the beautiful creature in front of him, snarling possessively like an animal defending its mate.

He reached for his son, pulling him away from the body and toward him, wrapping the snapping, snarling monster into his arms. Will calmed immediately once they were pressed together, his ocean eyes gazing at Hannibal with pure adoration. He didn't even realize his arousal until Will's body pressed against his own, and he watched as Will flushed, though it was barely visible in the darkness of the basement.

"Was that ok, Daddy?" Will asked, his voice no longer as dark and vicious, but rather the same innocent, alluring voice he always used on Hannibal, even if he didn't know it.

"That was perfect, my darling. My love." Hannibal reached to press his fingers under Will's chin to tilt his head. Their lips pressed together as Will pressed into him, deepening their kiss.

"I was careful, Daddy," Will told him as they pulled apart. "Her phone is still in her office, and her car's on campus. I made sure to avoid the cameras, and I didn't touch anything in or around her office. She didn't know what was coming."

Hannibal beamed with pride at his wonderous boy in front of him. He knew there were probably more precautions that Will had taken, and while Hannibal wished he had taken one of the plastic coverings in the basement to cover his clothes, he wouldn't think of denying Will the opportunity to feel a kill for himself. Their clothes would need to be burned, but they would be easy enough to dispose of. Hannibal was already more than experienced at ridding himself of bodies, even though he knew part of Will wanted to put the body on display like a Ripper kill to warn everyone else off of even looking at Hannibal.

He reached up to pet through Will's curls, feeling him push into Hannibal's touch like an all too eager cat. He couldn't help but continue to grin lovingly at Will in his arms, petting through his curls then down his face. Will's eyelashes fluttered as he leaned against Hannibal, looking more at peace than he had moments earlier.

"What will you take?" Will asked, turning to kiss the palm of Hannibal's hand.

"What do you want me to take? What would you like?"

"You'd let me choose?" Will peeled his eyes open to look at him.

"Of course, beloved."

"Her heart," Will said after a moment. "I want to give you her heart. I hope you know mine comes with it."

Hannibal's heart squeezed in his chest at the words as he leaned forward, capturing Will's lips. "My darling, your heart has always been mine. And I prefer it right where it is."

Will moaned against him, sighing happily when Hannibal pulled him closer.

"Rest assured, I am going to lavish you tonight," Hannibal continued, pressing a kiss to his son's curls.

"Why not now?" Will asked, pressing forward against Hannibal's erect cock.

"You wanted to surprise me," Hannibal whispered, leaning forward again, this time to press a kiss against Will's eyelids when they fluttered shut once more. "Now, I want to surprise you."

Will didn't protest as Hannibal led him from the basement, taking him to their room. While Will undressed, Hannibal ran him a bath, using the soaps he saved for special occasions and lighting candles around the edge of the tube. Will protested when Hannibal didn't join him, though it only took a kiss on the forehead to calm him before he left Will to clean himself off. Hannibal took his ruined clothes, making sure to take off his bloodied clothes and changing into new ones before descending into the basement again to take the heart that would be their main course for the evening.

Dinner was charged as Will watched Hannibal savor every bite. Hannibal's eyes lingered on him after every bite, the movements of his jaw indicating that he was savoring the tastes that lingered on his tongue. They barely managed to put the dishes away before his daddy wrapped him in his arms again, pulling them from the kitchen back toward the bedroom. Will hummed as Hannibal picked him up, carrying him toward their bedroom as he had done before. However, this time, Will's legs were wrapped around his waist, and his arms were draped over his shoulders.

Will had taken one of his daddy's sweaters to wear to dinner; the red fabric loose around his body as Hannibal's hands slipped under the material on their way to the bedroom.

"You might want to be careful, my darling," Hannibal whispered to him. "I enjoy the sight of you in my clothes far too much."

"Oh dear, whatever shall I do," Will teased.

Hannibal's lips claimed his own, cutting off the rest of the tease that lingered on Will's tongue. The kiss was slow and passionate, stealing not only the words on Will's tongue but the breath in his lungs as well. Will's chest heaved when his daddy pulled away, gazing down at him as though he hung the moon.

"I want you to ride me tonight. Will you?" Hannibal caressed Will's cheek as he spoke, making Will shiver.

"Yes, daddy," Will answered, nodding vehemently.

"But not yet, my lovely," Hannibal continued when Will began to squirm. "I have something in mind first."

Will nodded, not even knowing what his father wanted, but he was more than willing to let him do whatever he wanted anyway.

"Take off your pants and underwear, but leave the shirt on, beloved."

Will obeyed quickly, seeing Hannibal smile at him softly at his eagerness. His daddy undressed too, taking off each article of clothing slowly. Not that Will protested. He couldn't help admire the show Hannibal put on for him as he bared himself to Will.

"Daddy," Will whimpered, sitting up in the bed so he could press closer to Hannibal, who was kneeling next to him. His father pulled him closer, tucking Will into his arms as they kneeled in front of each other on their bed. Will tilted his head, reaching to grasp his daddy's hair as he kissed him. His other hand rested on Hannibal's shoulder, feeling muscles flex under his fingertips.

Will wondered when the events of earlier that day, the fact that he had killed someone, would catch up with him. But truthfully, he didn't quite care. He was more satisfied to know that she was gone and that Hannibal wasn't at all upset about what he came home to find. Instead, Hannibal seemed almost aroused by it, or maybe it was by Will himself.

His father's hands roamed over his body before gripping his ass, hauling him closer still. Will hummed, pressing against his daddy.

"My darling," His father whispered against his lips. "My lovely, beautiful darling." Will shifted closer as his daddy spoke, enjoying the words whispered to him. "I've been waiting for when you would show your whole self to me — wondering when you would grace me with the sight of your darkness, when you would let me see you fully. And now that I have, all I want is more of you. I once told you that I had cultivated an insatiable thing in you. You've done the same. No single touch or taste will ever be enough."

Will shivered, feeling dizzy as he leaned against his father.

"I never wanted to hide from you."

"I know," Hannibal answered, stroking his cheek. "And now I've seen all of you, and I will cherish it forever."

"Daddy," Will whined.

Hannibal tucked Will against him, holding him tightly for a moment before he let Will go, shifting on the bed. When Will moved to follow, Hannibal stilled him, taking a pillow to prop up his head slightly. Then his fingers wrapped around Will's hips, beckoning him forward until his knees were on either side of his father's head. He'd been like this before, though every time previously, he had been straddling his face backward. Now, his daddy had him positioned over his face, this time unable to lean down to take his father's cock in his mouth. Hannibal had positioned him strategically as he licked up into Will's body, making him gasp.

Will's mouth dropped open as his daddy licked up into his body, licking over the base of his cock, his balls, and then his hole to press his tongue inside him. Will groaned, his hand dropping to his father's hair to pull at it, needing something to grip. Hannibal's arms were wrapped around his legs, one hand gripping his hip and the other massaging over his side and abdomen. Will moaned, thrashing above his daddy as he so expertly worked Will's body.

For some reason, this was worse than every other time Hannibal had ever done this. Sitting above Hannibal as he was, he couldn't help but feel worshipped. But it was more than that. He couldn't help but feel powerful, in a way, more so than he had felt before. He was astride a monster, equal to his own, who wanted nothing more than to keep him close. Will shook, feeling his father lick into him more insistently.

"Daddy," Will whined again. Often, it was the only word he could say when he and his father were together, the only sound his body would let him make as he cried out for his lover.

Hannibal ate him out with hunger, holding Will's body against him to the point that Will couldn't help but wonder how exactly he was breathing. Hannibal didn't seem to care though singularly focused on Will's pleasure.

Will's hips rocked, encouraged by the hum his daddy made at the feeling. He couldn't stop himself from riding his father's tongue. Hannibal guided his movements, reaching one hand over Will's thigh to grip his cock. Will thrust automatically into his father's hand. Under him, Hannibal moaned.

It didn't take long for Hannibal to drag Will to the edge of his pleasure.

"Daddy, I'm gonna come," Will whimpered. Only then did Hannibal pull back, shifting them so he could take Will's cock into his mouth.

Will groaned at the feeling, unable to stop himself from coming in his father's mouth.

Will could barely hold himself up as Hannibal rearranged them again, this time propping himself up with pillows as Will leaned against his chest. Will reached between them, wrapping his finger around his daddy's cock and pumping lazily. Hannibal hummed, his hands petting down Will's body. He kept himself close to his daddy, part of him hoping he could press close enough to feel Hannibal's heart in his own chest.

His daddy's hands roamed up under the sweater, pushing it up until he pulled it over Will's head. Will shivered, suddenly feeling cold, before his father pressed him closer, warming him with his own body.

"You're perfect, daddy," Will hummed, resting his head on his father's shoulder. Hannibal hummed under him, pressing Will against him more.

"My darling Will, I am whatever you want me to be."

"Mine," Will answered, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's body. "I want you to be mine."

"I am that."

"You said I could ride you," Will began, squirming in Hannibal's lap. "Can I now?"

His daddy grinned at him, stroking the side of his face gently. "In a moment."

He waited patiently as his father found the lube, stretching Will open while Will spread more lube on his cock. Will lifted his hips as Hannibal guided him, their bodies aligning until Will was sinking on him, feeling his father's cock as it slid inside him until he was flush against his daddy's lap.

Will sighed contently, rolling his hips lazily, focused chiefly on keeping himself speared on his father's cock. Hannibal pet over his body, one hand fisting in his curls while the other traveled down to whether they were joined, petting at Will's stretched rim and making him moan.

They were like that for a while, with Will circling and grinding his hips while Hannibal touched every part of Will he could reach. It was slow for a time, sensual, as Will enjoyed the feeling of Hannibal's cock grinding against every intimate part of him. For him, there was something so pleasing about feeling Hannibal move within him, feeling his cock inside him, that had Will shivering not from arousal but from a deep, barely contained love.

He was right before, in his thinking when it came to Hannibal. His father was it for him — the love of his life. He would never — could never — love anyone the way he loved Hannibal. No one could ever see him the way Hannibal could, and he had never known someone so much like him as Hannibal was. Someone who could anchor him the way Hannibal could. Someone who could hold him so soon after he embraced his darkness, touching him as though he was something precious. He couldn't help but think that Hannibal was precious to him, too, in a way.

Will leaned forward, capturing Hannibal's lips in a deep, slow kiss that made even him dizzy.

He lifted his hips more, continuing their slow kisses even as he began to ride his father in earnest.

"Good boy," Hannibal whispered when he pulled away for a breath.

Will grinned, lifting his hips more with each movement.

Hannibal's hands move to his hips, guiding his movements and eventually pulling him back down with every drop. Will groaned as every downward motion impaled him on his father's cock, each time somehow burying his father deeper within him.

Will gripped Hannibal tighter, using his daddy's body for leverage as he rode him with abandon. Loud slaps of skin on skin echoed throughout their bedroom as they made love. Will let his head fall back, barely able to take a breath before it was pushed out of him once again.

Hannibal was practically wild under him, thrusting into Will as best he could in his position while pulling Will's body back onto his own. When Will managed to tilt his head forward again, he caught a glimpse of Hannibal's amber eyes, which had darkened to nearly black.

Hannibal captured his lips quickly, stealing what little breath he had. His tongue pillaged Will's mouth, tasting every part of him. Will's movements were guided by his father's hands which gripped him so tightly; he wondered if he would have bruises.

"Harder, daddy," Will moaned, using what leverage he had to lift himself more before Hannibal pulled him back down.

Hannibal indulged him immediately, shifting them both so he could better thrust into Will's body.

Will reached for more to grab as his father buried himself in him over and over again. His whole body was wrapped around his daddy at this point, clinging to him for dear life. His back arched before he leaned back, reluctantly releasing Hannibal to press his hands into the bed, using his new position to better bounce on his daddy's cock.

His own was hard again, shifting with every movement of his body and painting his pelvis with pre-come. Hannibal's bruising grip grew tighter, the pleasure in his eyes almost wild. Some part of Will was amused at how they had gone from slow and sensual to wild and passionate, but most of him could barely care. He just wanted more as he thrashed and bounced in his father's lap.

"My love," Hannibal began, and that was all Will needed to push himself back upward, colliding with Hannibal as their lips crashed together.

When they came, it was nearly simultaneous as Will's release spilled over Hannibal's abdomen while Hannibal's release coated his insides.

Both were breathing heavily, clinging to one another as the aftershocks of their orgasms wore off. Both nearly attacked the other again, their lips colliding and bodies grinding when they could move once more. When Hannibal's softening cock slipped from his body, Will whined, missing the feeling almost instantly. His daddy, however, seemed to know what he needed, replacing his cock with his fingers until they both wound each other up again from them to have each other once more.

Will still stayed over his daddy, riding him until his thighs and hips ached, though he never once complained.

By the time they were done, Will and his daddy were plastered against each other, covered in sweat and wrapped so tightly around each other, there was no way to know where one ended, and the other began.

Will was nearly asleep on his father's shoulder, gripping him tightly.

"I love you, my darling," Hannibal whispered to him.

"Love you too, daddy," Will murmured, nuzzling into Hannibal's neck. Will sighed happily, feeling Hannibal's heart where it beat vigorously in his chest.

"What are you thinking, my love?" Hannibal asked.

Will sighed again, nuzzling closer. "Never want to leave you."

"Then don't," His daddy whispered. "Stay with me."

Will smiled sleepily, tucking impossibly closer to his father. "Forever."

End Notes

Feel free to come yell at me on Tumblr or Twitter

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!